Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vsurer, let him looke to his bond, hee was wont to lende money for a Christian curtie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fish with all, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; hee hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reason, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs doe wee not laugh, if you poyson vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs shall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Christian, what is his humillity, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Saleri. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the deuill himselfe turne Iewe. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Tuball.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa, hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy.

Shylocke. Why there, ther
two thousand ducats in Fra
Nation till now, I neuer fe
that, & other precious preci
dead at my foote, and the ie
at my foote, and the ducats
so? and I know not whats s
on losse, the theefe gone wi
theefe, and no satisfaction,
what lights a my shoulders,
but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men
in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, il

Tuball. Hath an Argosie

Shy. I thank God, I thank

Tuball. I spoke with some

Shy. I thank thee good T
heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter sp
fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagg
gaine, foure score ducats at a

Tuball. There came diuer
pany to Venice, that sweare

Shy. I am very glad of it,
glad of it.

Tuball. One of them shie
daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou
kies, I had it of *Leah* when I
giuen it for a Wildernes of M

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is c

Shy. Nay, that's true, that'
cer, bespeake him a fortnigh
he forfeite, for were he out
dize I will: goe *Tuball*, and